

BLUE GRASS BLADE.

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DO UNTO OTHERS AS YOU WOULD HAVE THEM DO UNTO YOU—CONFUCIUS.
THE WORLD IS MY COUNTRY; TO DO GOOD MY RELIGION—TOM PAINE.
AN HONEST GOD IS THE NOBLEST WORK OF MAN—INGERSOLL.

EDITED BY A HEATHEN IN THE INTEREST OF GOOD MORALS.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY; \$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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Charles C. Moore
Editor

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State. Published in the heart
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My terms are \$10.00 an inch a year,
paid in advance, regardless of the
number of inches and for nothing less
than a year.

CHARLES C. MOORE.

"THE DAMNED STUFF CALLED
ALCOHOL."

I believe that alcohol, to a certain
degree, demoralizes those who make
it, those who sell it, and those who
drink it.

I believe from the time it issues
from the coiled and poisonous worm
of the distillery until it empties into
the hell of crime, death and dishonor,
it demoralizes everybody that touches
it.

I do not believe that anybody can
contemplate the subject without be-
coming prejudiced against this liquid
crime.

All you have to do is to think of the
wrecks upon either bank of this stream
of death—the suicides, of insanity,
of the poverty, of the ignorance, of
the distress, of the little children tugging
at the faded dresses of weeping and
despairing wives, asking for bread;
of the men of genius it has wrecked;
of the millions who have struggled with
imaginary serpents produced by this
devilish thing.

And when you think of the jails, of
the almshouses, of the prisons, and of
the scaffolds upon either bank, I do
not wonder that every thoughtful man
is prejudiced against the damned stuff
called alcohol.

ROBERTS & INGERSOLL.

EVANGELIST BARNES

A CONVERT TO DOW- IEISM.

(From Courier-Journal.)

STANFORD, KY., Feb. 20.—The Rev.
George O. Barnes, the once famous
mountain evangelist, has become a con-
vert to Dowieism. He has written a
long letter from Washington to the In-
terior Journal in which he declares his
full acceptance of Dowie as "Elijah the
Restorer," the "messenger of the cove-
nant," whom God has "endowed with
power from on high," and authorized to
proclaim the "acceptable year of the
Lord."

The above account of Barnes, in the
Courier-Journal, has a picture of him,
beardless except a big moustache.

For nearly 40 years I have stood alone
opposing the influence of this man. His
influence has been a very bad one. He
was known as the "mountain evange-
list," the early scene of his "labors"
having been the mountains of Kentucky.

For 25 years the mountains of Ken-
tucky have been the most famous place
for crimes of the bloodiest variety in
the whole world. In the issue of the
C. J. from which I take the above clip-
ping there are the details of the Lee
Turner, moonshine saloon fight, in
which seven men, including a govern-
ment officer, were killed. I have made
it a point to hear much of Barnes'
preaching. I never heard an insinuation
of anything but the most radical ortho-
doxy come from him. I do not re-
member ever to have heard him utter a
purely moral sentiment. It was "all for
Jesus" and all the purest religious su-
perstitions vagary. He had certain
catch words that he got out on all oc-
casions. One of these was "Glorie," the
meaningless word being composed of
the initial letters in the sentence "God
is love and nothing else."

There was, and I suppose, is, much in
the appearance of Barnes to indicate
that he is daft in his intellect, and in
his large auto-biography the accounts
that he gives of his father would in-
dicate that this was true of the senior
Barnes, who was also a Presbyterian
preacher. Mercy to George O. Barnes
would incline one to say that the man
has not been intellectually responsible
for what he has said and done, were it
not for the fact that so much of his
life has been a toadying to rich people
as he is now doing to this old scoundrel
Dowie. In all of America there has
never been a more flagrant case of re-
ligious fraud than Dowie, Slater, Tai-
mage and Sam Jones not excepted, and
it seems impossible that Barnes would
not know this. Had Dowie not suc-
ceeded in making a great deal of money—
\$4,000,000—and had been a very much
better and very much more intelligent
man, there is no reason to suppose
Barnes ever would have "believed" in
him. Barnes' life has been a most
striking instance of how a man can live
in luxury without labor and without
giving any valuable consideration for
the money he gets by preaching.

In Lexington and in Louisville the
houses of the rich, without regard to
religious denominationalism, were not
only thrown open to him and his family
but they "tumbled over each other" in
their rivalry for the honor of entertain-
ing him and if he preferred to put up
for weeks or months of his preaching,
two or three times a day, at the finest
hotels there was rivalry among the rich
as to who would pay his hotel bills for
himself and his family, of both sexes,
the lucky payor's name and puff to be
printed in the papers. In this way
Barnes and his family wore and ate the
finest and travelled in Europe and clear
around the world. In Kentucky the
crowds that gathered to hear him were
larger and from a higher class of soci-
ety than ever went to hear any other
preacher in Kentucky except my grand-
father Barton W. Stone.

I have personally witnessed things in
Barnes' preaching that I could hardly
believe had they been told me by any
one else. I have seen the largest opera
house in Louisville packed until there
was neither a seat nor standing room in
it with the very finest dressed people of
Louisville. I have seen perfectly blind
people led up to Barnes on the stage,
and he would pray over them and anoint
them with oil, and pronounce them heal-
ed, right then and there, and I have
seen men and women, who from their
dress, seemed to be the aristocracy of
Louisville, rise from all over the opera
house and stand until their names were
taken down to be printed in the Courier
Journal as persons who were brought to
believe that Jesus Christ was the son of
God from having witnessed the working
of miracles by George O. Barnes in the
name of Jesus Christ, and the Courier-
Journal then and now, the only metro-
politan paper that Kentucky ever had,
published long columns of accounts of
these things, with never a hint that
there was any fraud about them, and
with just the same religious reverence
that it today—Sunday, February 25, 1902
—reports the sermons of the most promi-
nent preachers in Louisville.

But to show that Barnes and the
Courier-Journal and all the Lexington

aristocracy knew this was all fraud, at
the very time they were all engaged in
it, I did as follows:

I got a Negro man named John, who
had stood as a blind beggar for years
at the door of the postoffice in Lexing-
ton, and who was known to nearly
everybody in Lexington and the whole
country around. Barnes was preaching
day and night to immense audiences at
the Chautauqua grounds in Lexington
and performing miracles by restoring
the deaf and blind and lame and
maimed and diseased by "anointing
them with oil in the name of the Lord,"
out of a small silver flask containing, as
he said, very fine olive oil (I suppose
the brand in which the finest sardines
are boxed) the flask fastened around
his neck by a gold chain, and the whole
outfit presented him by one of his rich
admirers. I had never seen any Negro
in one of Barnes' audiences. Poor old
blind John, who had had both eyes
blown out with powder, while blasting
rock, told me he had faith in Christ and
Barnes, and said he believed "Brother"
Barnes, as everybody called him, could
cure him and John eagerly caught at
my proposition to take him on the street
cars, then run by horses, out to have
"Brother" Barnes give him his eye sight
again.

I walked up on the big platform with
blind John, and when the people and
Barnes too, saw that I was going to
expose him, nearly all the people took
advantage of the fact that a sprinkle of
rain was beginning, to get away from
the place, hoping thus to defeat my ex-
posure of Barnes, and Barnes tried his
dead level best to beat me out of the
test by saying he had been speaking and
was warm and did not want to get wet.
But about 25 people staid to see how I
would come out with Barnes and blind
John.

Right there before them all I pinned
Barnes down until he could not get out
of it without a plain admission that he
was afraid of my exposure, and so, look-
ing like a mad and defeated man, he
got out his oil flask, and he and John
knelted down and Barnes went through
a perfunctory prayer, and anointed
John, who, of course, got up just as
blind as he was when he knelted, and
the whole gang, Barnes and all, run off
and left poor blind John and me in the
rain, while the miracle-working Barnes,
who had just read in the same place
(James v. 17) where he read that his oil
and prayer would cure the sick and
blind, that the same faith would also
stop a rain, and I got poor John home,
the best way I could, and gave him a
small tip, but the newspapers, all over
Kentucky, all the same, told of the
marvelous cures that were being effect-
ed by Barnes' oil and prayer, but they
did not mention the incident about
blind John and me.

At the same time, near Stanford, Ky.,
Barnes was conducting the "Pink Cot-
tage," a place where a number of ig-
norant men and women who were disciples
of Barnes, were miraculously curing all
manner of diseases, and bringing so
much money to Stanford, thereby that
I found I was in personal danger
when I went to Stanford to see it if
I spoke in derision of the "Pink Cot-
tage," which some years since was de-
stroyed by fire.

My very religious kinsman, Col. John
H. Moore, of Winchester, Ky., paid off
a mortgage on the "Pink Cottage" for
Barnes, and gave years of his life and
nearly all of his money to support
Barnes, and Moore recently died money-
less, having been forsaken by Barnes
after Moore's money was all gone.

Moore himself, when it was too late,
having found out that Barnes was just
what I said he was.

Barnes finally went to Washington,
D. C., with the expectation of gaining
new laurels there, but attracted no at-
tention, got out of money, and had
been out of the public eye so long that
his old friend, the Courier-Journal,
now speaks of him as "the once fam-
ous," and now, when he is about 75
years old, Barnes having despaired of
ever again being a leader, is willing to
be led by an old scoundrel like Dowie.

Dowie may give Barnes a job with
a little money in it, to encourage such
people to boost him, but he is too
smart to give Barnes any prominence,
and there is a good chance that Dowie
will wind up his career in the peniten-
tiary, and that Barnes may be there
with him, if some of Barnes' friends
if he has any, do not keep him away
from Dowie.

I have always tried to apologize for
Barnes on the ground that he is men-
tally unbalanced, as is necessarily true
of any man of Barnes' genius who be-
lieves in religion, and I think that for
the sake of Barnes himself and for the
credit of the state of Kentucky, Barnes'
friends ought to apply to the law to
protect Barnes against association with
such a creature as Dowie. Much of
this, for years past, I have at dif-
ferent times, printed about Barnes,
but in the meantime, many new people
are seeing my paper, and hearing of
Barnes for the first time, and whenever
there is any striking new development
in Barnes' career, as in this case, if I
am living I will probably mention it in
connection with some of the salient
points of his life, as, in spite of the
rise of such characters as Dowie, it
serves to show the general decadence
of Christianity and corresponding
growth of infidelity.

Send in your orders for the "Sac-
rament" by M. Grier Kidder, ten cents
each or twelve for one dollar.

ETHAN ALLEN'S DYING DAUGHTER

I have received from Little Rock,
Washington, a copy of the Portland,
Oregonian, containing, in bad verse,
"the old, old story" of Ethan Allen's
dying daughter, and I am asked to
answer it. Some young persons may
not have heard it. Ethan Allen was
an Infidel General in our Revolution-
ary army, his wife was a Christian
and his daughter—real or alleged—
was doubtful about the truth of
Christianity. The mother had died
and when the daughter came to die,
so the story goes, she asked her father
if she must die in his religion or
in that of her mother and the General
told her to die in that of her mother.

The common answer that Infidels
have made to that story is, I think,
that Ethan Allen never had a daugh-
ter. I do not know; I never visited
in that family. But even if it were
certain that Allen never had a daugh-
ter it would not at all deter religion-
ists from telling that story, for it is
a good one.

So, for argument, we had better ad-
mit that Ethan Allen had a daughter,
and that the General, when his daugh-
ter was dying, just admitted anything
that he thought would please her, and
even if Ethan Allen had thought the
Christian religion true that would
not have made it so. This same story
has been told about Tom Paine who
had no children.

TWO PREACHERS,
CAMPBELLITE AND BAPTIST.

Chattering About "The Lord's Prayer"
—Almost a Tillman and Mc-

Lauren Scrap.

A special to the Courier-Journal of
Feb. 21, from Elkhart, Indiana, gives
an account of a pulp battle going on
between "Rev. W. W. Denham, the
Christian minister, and Rev. E. H.
Emmett, Baptist."

An extract from the report is as fol-
lows:

Mr. Denham declared that those who
use the Lord's prayer ignore the medi-
ator. He said the Jews, the Moham-
medans, the Mormons, the Brahman—all
can use the Lord's prayer without any
reference to the name that is above ev-
ery name, and without any scruple of
conscience, each expecting the kingdom
to come according to his own fancy
and desire. And this is the very reason
for the spiritual anarchy which curses
a broken-hearted world today. Tem-
ples are deserted, the Lord's Day is
desecrated, religion in the home is a
dead letter, the demons of darkness re-
joice while angels weep, because
preachers of the gospel dishonor the
name of Christ and disregard His au-
thority.

LUTHER'S STATEMENT JUSTIFIED.

To see a minister of the gospel who
writes "Rev." before his name and "D.",
"L. D." and "Ph. D." after it
stand up with Chesterfieldian grace and
Balsartian posture, said he, and with
solemn and sanctimonious air repeat
that sacred formula, which welled up
from the depths of the Saviour's heart,
in a mere mechanical manner and with
neither spirit, heart nor life in either
accent or expression, is enough to jus-
tify Luther's statement that the Lord's
prayer is the greatest martyr on earth,
and to disgust any rational being. One
needs but to attend an average church
service to see this fact demonstrated
to a greater or less degree and often to
a degree that is mere mockery, if not
downright sacrilege.

CALLS HIM "JUDAS."

The Rev. Mr. Emmett began by com-
paring Mr. Denham to Judas. He ac-
cused him of seeking cheap notoriety.
He said Christ is being attacked on
every hand by atheists, infidels, agnos-
tics, but he thought this could be ex-
pected of them. He declared that a
terrible battle of unbelief is raging, and
that the saddest thing about the battle
is that it is being carried on in the
Lord's own house. He characterized
Mr. Denham's teaching as narrow,
short-sighted, unworthy of a minister
of the Lord Jesus.

I understand that he claims his
views were expressed in 1825, said Mr.
Emmett. "Then the public health offi-
cer should have buried them long ago,
because, like Lazarus, who had been
dead four days, it stinketh."

"ANARCHISTS."

REAL OR SO-CALLED

I have just finished reading every-
thing in the issues of "Free Society" of
Feb. 15, and "Discontent" of Feb. 15,
the only two "Anarchist" papers of
which I know. There is not a senti-
ment, or a word, in either of them to
which I object, and there is much in
each of them that I like. There is not
a single intimation in either of them
that they would accomplish their pur-
pose of doing away with all govern-
ment and law by force, or violence,

and on the other hand a very decided
learning to the Quaker doctrine of non-
resistance. It is true that, etymologic-
ally, any abolition of government, even
by absolutely pacific means, is anar-
chy, and it seems to be true that the
Century dictionary supports the con-
tention of these two papers that they
are anarchists. At the same time the
world at large and the associated press
dispatches from all nations recognize
as anarchists only those who resort
to assassination to accomplish their
purposes; so that these two papers un-
necessarily handicap themselves, by
calling themselves anarchists, with a
just apprehension that does not properly
attach to them, and are thus defeating
their own purpose if they do not in-
tend to resort to violence. The issue of
"Discontent" has no allusion to reli-
gion, while Free Society has a fine
article against the Christian reli-
gion, which is very much after the
style of Kidder. Each of these papers
has complaints against Christian ef-
fort to suppress free speech and free
press. If the National Liberal Party
was organized to establish any special
form of government at all, anarchists
of any style, could not consistently
support it; but as the N. L. P. is only
organized to prevent the church from
interfering in the affairs of this, an
already existing government, the peace-
able anarchists can consistently co-
operate with the N. L. P.

ABOUT LINCOLN'S RELIGION.

T. N. Caskey, of Circleville, Ohio,
sends me three issues of the Circleville
Daily Herald, in which one Rev.
Frederick L. Bullard (suggestive of
Bull head) argues that Lincoln was a
Christian.

Lincoln was an Infidel of the Paine
variety—did not believe in the divi-
nity of Jesus, but did believe in God.
He once wrote a small tract against
the Christian religion, the manuscript
of which his law partner, Herndon,
burnt up in a stove, because he
thought it would hurt Lincoln's po-
litical prospects.

Rev. Bullard's ideas of Lincoln's
religion are about as reliable as his
ideas about Lincoln's mother.

Bullard says:

"Careful investigations have cleared
the name of Nancy Hanks from much
of contradictory tradition and even of
aspersion, for it had been said that she
was densely ignorant, a nameless child,
and not even married to Thomas Lin-
coln. In truth, she was of proud line-
age, an orphan at eight years of age,
and married to Thomas Lincoln in
1806."

Nancy Hanks was born about 17
miles from where I have lived my 64
years. She not only was not of
"proud lineage," but was of the most
obscure lineage, and Abraham Lin-
coln was begotten by a millwright
whose name was not Lincoln, and
who paid Tom Lincoln, a journeyman
millwright workman, \$300.00 to marry
the girl.

The man who is most competent
to tell about it, of all the men in the
world, is Editor W. H. Polk, of Lex-
ington, Ky. Editor Polk was a sol-
dier in the federal army through the
whole civil war, and therefore cannot
be suspected of prejudice against
Lincoln. Editor Polk claims the dis-
tinction of being the only man in
Kentucky who is not a "Colonel."

He spent his young manhood within
about ten miles of where Nancy
Hanks lived when she married Tom
Lincoln.

Editor Polk is the most prominent
historian of the Blue Grass region of
Kentucky, and will vouch for what
I say.

FROM REV. J. E. ROBERTS.

Kansas City, Mo., Feb. 19, 1902.

CHARLES C. MOORE, Esq., Lexington,
Ky.

My Dear Mr. Moore—I receive the
Blade and note with pleasure the
valiant and vigorous blows you are de-
livering upon the citadel of superstition.

I shall be glad, of course, to have you
make what ever use of the sermons you
may see fit.

I do not have the honor of knowing
Rev. Herbert S. Bigelow, of Cincinnati,
the gentleman to whom you refer. The
prefix reverend always awakens suspi-
cion of a man's honesty, but for that very
reason it is more satisfactory to find an
honest reverend. The fact that you
know and speak well of Mr. Bigelow is
a recommendation.

With best wishes for your prosperity,
I remain,
Very truly yours,
J. E. ROBERTS.

TWO POEMS

From Philo Sopher, Binghamton,
New York.

I print in this issue of the Blade two
poems. "The Gospel of Nature" is as
beautiful as Goldsmith, and "Unmuzz-
led Oxen" has the genius of Burns.

These are gems that you may paste
in your scrap book for models.

A JUNIOR LINOTYPE.

In the last issue of the Blade I made a
plea to get the Blade's friends to give it
a type-setting machine that cost \$3,150,
such as that is necessary to do book
work, but there is a "Junior" linotype
that costs \$1,500 that will do all right for
printing newspapers, and I can do with
that if my friends will help me, and I
will buy the machine if my friends will
give me \$500 with which to make the
first payment.

With such a machine I could print
nearly twice as much matter as I now
have, and I think it would make the
Blade a complete success, and without
this machine it must ever be a struggle
for existence.

I suppose the outfit of the Blade as it
now is, is worth \$1,000, and I am willing
to give a mortgage upon this to any
person or persons, who may furnish me
the \$500 to make the first payment.

FILTHY LITTLE ATHEIST."

I see it stated in a certain history that
Thomas Paine was a "filthy little Ath-
eist." These words seem to hold a his-
tory of the author. Neither "filthy" nor
"little" come involuntarily to a pure,
scientific mind; they indicate the anger
of theology and, regarding facts in their
integrity, are false.

In prison Thomas Paine did not write
against Jesus Christ the man, but he
claimed that "He was the son of God in
like manner that every other person is."

Even the writer of the history.

Neither was the noble, patriotic Paine
an Atheist. Unfortunately, in his time,
him, mind had not developed so as to
recognize the beauty and far-reaching
quality of the word Atheist, which, sup-
ported by the truths of the universe, has
been gradually brought, through time,
to a position of honor—claiming that
we know of a universe of matter and
law, but know nothing of God; know of
the harmony of uniform laws, but noth-
ing of a divine arbitrary will. Know
of the purity, strength of character and
happiness knowledge gives, but nothing
of a place of bliss somewhere in space,
nor of that horrid place of private tor-
ture called hell.

Justice to the dead, to futurity, to hu-
manity and to the author demand that
the words "filthy" and "little" should be
recalled.

Sent for publication because of the
many Paine celebrations throughout the
country.

M. M. T.

Accepts Fate Cheerfully.

Professor Pearson gave out the follow-
ing statement: "I have resigned from
my professorship in Northwestern Uni-
versity and have asked for a letter of
dismissal from the Methodist Church. I
made an attempt to inaugurate a new
policy, but the changes proposed, though
I do not doubt that they will be accept-
ed in the comparatively near future, are
now unwelcome. I deemed it my duty
to make my plea in the church and in
the university. The plea having been
rejected, it seems equally my duty to
withdraw from both.

"For my late associates in the uni-
versity I have only the friendliest feel-
ings, which I believe they reciprocate.
Certainly their treatment of me under
trying circumstances has been most con-
siderate and kind. They are strong,
wise, honorable men, and though of
course, I regret that they do not see the
matter as I do, and though I think they
are missing an opportunity to make a
needed advance, yet I now realize, as I
did not before, the strength of the argu-
ments for a conservative attitude on the
part of a body of trustees. My own
judgment is entirely unchanged, and I
expect as opportunity offers to continue
the work upon which I have entered."
